Which Is About as Many as All the Other New York Papers Combined Contained.

Every RESULT Has a CAUSE.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1888.

## PRADO DIES GAME.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Marie Aguettant's Assassin Is Guillotined in Paris.

Lawyers, Journalists and Actors Witness the Execution.

Cocottes and Drunken Men in the Place de la Roquette.

Fifty Seconds After Entering the Prison Gate Prado's Head Was in a Basket.

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[SPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE WORLD.] Paris, Dec. 28, 7.50 a. m.-Prado, thief, Bel Alphonse, human fiend incarnate on his own boastful admissions, died on the guillotine for the murder of Marie Aguettant, cocotte, at 7.35 o'clock this morning. The death was witnessed by 200 artists, newspaper men, actors, lawyers and politicians who possessed influence sufficient to obtain admission within thesentry lines to the Place de la Roquette. He died with much the same bravado as Pranzini, his former chum and counterpart. The scene was much more orderly, and not the slightest mishap occurred in the work of M. Deibler. In exactly fifty seconds from his appearance at the prison gate his bleeding

#### head lay in the backet. THE VIGIL BEFOREPTHE GATES.

It was a long wait we all had in the chilly night air awaiting the dawn. Within the Depot des Condamnés the prisoner was reported to be sleeping quietly, unconscious of his impending death. It may be a merciful provision that keeps the condemned in ignorance of the time of his execution until within half an hour thereof. But we, standing outside in the cold and dampness, couldn't help feeling that Prado ought to have been apprised earlier. I drowe to the Rue de la Roquette from the Boulevard Voltaire about 1 p'clock. I went early because I knew by previous experience the necessity of securing a front place near "the woods of justice."

#### THE BELLEVILLE MOB.

Progress in a cab was impossible along the little street leading to the prison, and abruptly closed beyond by the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. A large wine shop on a corner at the left was aglow with life. Cocottes from the European quarters, dressed in the beight-of fashion, had taken shelter from the cold therein, elbowed by drunken men in blouses, recking with smells of Belleville and Montmartre. It was a heartless Parisian mob. My tickets were all right. Handing them to a gendarme when I reached the cordon of police, he carried them to an inspector quite a distance up the street and several minutes clapsed before I heard my name called and was permitted to enter the double file of guards that coccupied the dirty. marrow sidewalk.

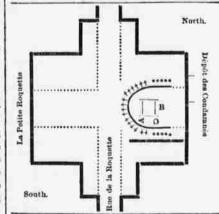
STUDYING FROM LIFE. In front of the prison gates were found a group of men occupying the two hard benches or standing along the line-of curbing that leads from the gloomy portal of the prison to the centre of the place. Before the axe fell this small group had grown to over two hundred spectators, among whom tinguished men in France. Near the line of trees on the upper side of the path stood Mounet-Sully, of the Comedie Française: near him Armand Silvestre and Henri Rochefort. Alphonse Daudet was said to be present, but I did not see | the him. Near me was Mattre Comby, who so ably defended the prisoner Stanislas Prado, who calls himself the Count Louis Frederick Linska de Castillon; Catulle Mendes, who has written many a screed about just such men as Prado, was hobnobbing with M. Andrieux, ex-Prefect of Police, who fell during the Wilson-Grevy regime. Even the privileged few inside the lines tired of waiting, and from the great mob kept by the police out of the square came frequent roars of dissatisfaction and snatches of ribald songs. Ten thousand people were in the neighborhood.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE GUILLOTINE.

The crowd at the eastern entrance of the square had been watching a small shed in a lit- the struggling victim, face downward, to the tle byway known as the Rue de la Folie Regnault. Its members knew that les bois de jussice, as the guillotine is called, was hidden there. Long after 3 o'clock the doors of the shed opened and two covered wagons emerged. They looked like New York ice carts painted black. The heavier one contained the machine and the other the zinolined boxes in which the head and the trunk are thrown after being severed. Slowly the teams made their way through the crowds and drew up under the line of trees to the north side of the path leading to the Door of the Doomed. The wagons were opened at the rear ends and the few beams and boards forming the deadly mechanism were taken out. They fitted together accurately. First the superstructure was placed upon four large stones in the pavement, which every visitor to the square must have observed. Then the two tail uprights were raised. Then a ladder with a workman upon it was placed alongside. Just at this moment I detected the round, grave face of "Monsieur de Paris." I had seen him before. He wore a broadcloth containing the sweet of jewels alter a man who gave the name of Frado was seen attempting to escape from a private house with a caste of jewels. Although the tin the jaw, the policeman managed to hold the prisoner. cost and a black tall hat with a brim as wide as a hout the same time Eugene Forestier, a demi-mondaine, and Mauricotte Couronneau, a mar-

sistant in the second wagon to have something passed out to him. At! Now I saw what it was he wanted. The thing was in a case like a window-glass box! The chubby old man opened the case and ran his thumb over the edge of the triangle-shaped knife. It was keen and satisfied inspection. Heavy iron weights nearly four hundred pounds, it is said-were fastened to the top of the blade after it

was placed in a position between the gaunt uprights. Then the knife was raised and dropped -like a pile-driver-several times. (Dull thud is barred.) All this time, remember, there was not a sound that could have been heard within the gloomy walls, where the poor wretch who was to embrace this virgin of justice lay asleep. More than two hours passed thus, The smell of rank cigars, bad cognac and worse cigaretts added dread to the foggy and maisrious tmosphere in which we stood and breathed. It was 6 o'clock, and yet no signs of dawn off to the castward, over the heights of Pere La Chaise.



SCENE OF THE EXECUTION. A.—Position of the guillotine in the Place de la Roquette, about half a mile northeast of the Place de la Bastille. M. de Paris, the executioner, stands at the point indicated by the letter.

B.—Position of the condemned just before he is thrown forward upon his face and pushed under the knife. The walk from the prison-door behind him is twenty-two paces. third. The percent identy-two paces.
C.—Position at which the Father Confessor stands.
The newspaper reporters, actors, law

yers and officers of the court.

† † † † † † The mounted gendarmes.

Double lines of foot soldiery surround the guille-

## une. The dotted lines represent trees along a curbed side walk.

COMING OF THE ABBE. A close coupe arrived about this time and after it had worked its way as nearly as possible to the prison door, it halted. From it stepped the Abbe Faure, the successor of the good Father Crozet, who performed the last offices for Pranzini. The Abbe was admitted at once through the small wicket in the gate. We knew that Prado was now to be awakened and told his doom. It seemed harder to wait now than at any other part of the night. What did the theatrical, scholarly assassin say when he was awakened? Was he cool or did he beg for mercy? Was he praying sow, or cursing? How would be die? Every face was turned towards the great doors. When they swung open it would mean that the prisoner was about to die, and, after the old Freuch fashion, the sainte to the dying would be made. The crush had become dreadful. The people behind were doing their best to elbow themselves into better places. A big fellow was breathing a reminiscence of last night's onion sauce into my face, when I felt everybody take a long breath. Behold, the doors were slowly, noiselessly swinging apart!

## THE LAST WALK. He was trembling violently. On the way to

the knife Prado said to the Abbe Faure when presented with the crucifix:

' Non : Dieu se moque de mot." It was no easy thing to get my hat off in the squeeze. I glanced about me, and in the gray dawn it was plain to be seen that every face was blanched. Walking side by side came Prado and the Abbe. The condemned paid no heed to his counsellor. His arms were tightly pinioned behind his back, so tightly indeed that his head was drawn far beyond perpendicularity. His heavy locks, seen to such advantage in the court-room when he confronted and shook them at M. Guillot, the Juge d'Instruction, were gone. His apparel seemingly consisted of a heavy woollen It was no easy thing to get my hat off in the the Juge d'Instruction, were gone. His apparel seemingly consisted of a heavy woollen undershirt and dark trousers. The shirt had been roughly cut away from about the neck and seen several of the most dis- shoulders-for business purposes. Only a step behind the victim walked two tall, slender men. attired in long Prince Albert coats and with 'heavily-weeded' silk hats. They might have been "mutes" from an English funeral. It is only twenty-odd paces from

guillotine prison gates to the Only a few instants were consumed in the passage. So rapid was the progress, urged onward by the silent men behind, that, had I taken my eyes off that ghastly, greenish-hued face for an instant, I had not seen it again.

NOW FOR IT, BUTCHERS! In front of the guillotine a board stood up right, to a height of five feet. In the top of it was a lunette. As Prado neared this board most dreadful series of incidents followed each other with the rapidity of lightning. The trembling Abbe (for this is his first execution here) stepped apart. Four burly men, dressed in blouses of blue-andwhite striped ticking, who had not been seen before, sprang forward, seized the conman, hurled him onward against the upright board, flung themselves upon him, and by their weight, bore top of the low platform. That board worked on a swivel and ran on rollers. In an instant it had been wheeled forward until the neck was under the glistening knife, upon which the morning light had begun to gleam. M. Deibler, who had stood like a man of stone at the right of the guillotine during all this terrible scene, now reached forward and fixed a wooden collar over the back of the prisoner's neck. Then we all heard a sharp click as the knife was spring and—after an agonizing interval—the keen steel struck the neck as it might have collided with a rubber car-spring. There was no hesitation in that knife. It went through and the head of Prado lay among the shavings beyond. The surgeon placed his hand on the trunk and said: 'It est mort if An unnecessary act. The body was then rolled into the long black box; its lid closed with a bang—and I ran for the carriage that has just whirled me to the Bourse.

Prado died game! morning light had begun to gleam. M. Deibler,

### Prado's Career of Crime.

On the night of Jan. 14, 1886, Marie Aquettant, a noted cocotte, was found murdered in her apartments. The discovery was made by her recognized lover, M. Bles.

#### ried woman, were arrested on a charge of receiv-

ing stolen goods.

Then it was shown that Engenie was Prado's mistress. She was finally induced to tell what she knew of the man. He was born in Mexico, and there was some terrible secret about his birth. He became a wanderer over the carth, and in time made his way to Mozambique, to China, to Hayti and to New York. Many strange stories, impossible of verification, he told about himself.

An English woman of noble hirth, a Sister of a

himself.

An English woman of noble birth, a Sister of a religious order, nursed him when he was a wounded soldier in a Spanish hospital. They fied to Jerusalem, where she gave up her yows and married the adventurer. She died in Italy soon afterwards, and he returned to his life of adventure.

soon afterwards, and he returned to his life of adventure.

When he met Eugenie Forestier, Prado called himself Count Linska de Castillon. The woman was sincerely attached to him, and seent upon him the money she received from other and richer lovers.

On the morning of Jan, 15, 1886, Prado came to her in a state of great excitement. She saw him burn his shirt and boots. He told her he had killed Marie Aguettant. He was often cruel, and by no means faithful but Eugenie kept his escret. One day, not long after the murder of Marie, Eugenie was summoned to join Prado in Bordeaux. They had not been there long together before she discovered that he was living with Mauricette Couronneau, as his wife. Still she kept his secret.

Prado made a rich haul of jewelry in Spain and

rent his secret.

Prado made a rich haul of jewelry in Spain and divided a part of his spoils between his mis-

divided a part of his spoils between his mistresses.

The jewels were traced, and all three were arrested. Eugenic told Mauricette of Prado's crime. Mauricette, a girl of twenty, who had become a mother, told her confessor.

The priest insisted that Eugenic should make her statement public. At last she consented. Prado was arrested, and the mystery of Marie Agnettant's murder was solved.

The case has raised Eugenic Forestier to the pinnacle of success in the world in which she lives. Mauricette Couronocau, though she is the mother of Prado's illegitimate child, has received a score of offers of marriage, but has been kept in seclusion by her mother.

Prado's Spanish wife was to obtain a divorce and move to Paris. The mystery of Prado's birth and of his adventures before the fateful night when Marie Agnettant was murdered was never unravelled during his life, and now the guillotine has made it an insoluble enigma.

#### Shot by His Friend.

Doylestown, Pa., Dec. 28,-Aaron Wismer, of Nockamixon, was shot and probably fatally younded at Upper Black Eddy, on Christmas night, by William Thompson, aged nineteen years, of Milford, N. J. Thompson was paying years, of Milford, N. J. Thompson was paying his addresses to a young lady living at the Eddy, and his visits excited the jealousy of several admirers of the lady. Thompson continued his visits notwithstanding threats to make it unpleasant for him. While returning home with the young woman on Christmas night he was attacked by several of the young men who had threatened him. He drew a pistol and fired several shots, without any known effect. Aaron Wismer, a friend of Thompson, went up behind him and tried to disarm him, but Thompson, not knowing who it was, fired over his shoulder, the ball entering Wismer's breast. The infured man was still alive this afternoon with but slight chances of recovery, his wound affecting a vital part. Thompson was arrested and lodged in the county jail.

#### These Girls Became Nuns.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
CARBONDALE, Pa., Dec. 28.—Thirteen postuants were received into the Order of the Im-Heart yesterday at 6,30 at St. maculate Rose's Convent. The services were impressively conducted by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Hara, of ively conducted by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Hara, of the Scranton Diocese, assisted by about twenty priests. The young ladies who took the vows were: Miss Nellie Kearns, of New York City; Lizzie Finley, of Binghamton. N. Y.; Magre Fitzpatrick, of Asbury Park, N. J.; Mary Ann Higgins and Kate Cawley, of Pitsburg: Lizzie Walton, of Scranton; Julia Cleary, of White Haven; Fannie Gallagher, of Dunmore; Maggie Daggett, of Drifton; Mary Synott, of Provi-dence; Kate Bradley, of Williamsport, and Mary Scanlon and M. McAndrew, of this city. A large number of prominent Catholic laymen were present.

#### Will Mrs. Searle Pay the Mortgage

Boston, Dec. 28. - When Mrs. E. F. Scarle, the recently married widow of Mark Hopkins, visited the village of Methune, near Lawrence last Summer, she attended and became interested in the little Episcopal Church there. The

Anarchists Want the Police Restrained. CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—The application on behalf of the Anarchistic Arbeiter Bund for an injunction restraining the police authorities of the city from interfering with or preventing their meetings was argued before Master in Chancery Windes yesterday. On behalf of the Bund it was contended that it was a peaceful organization whose sole aim was the amelioration of the condition of the human race, and that the action of the police in forbidding them to meet and in closing all public halls against them, vi et armés, was in open violation of their constitutional rights as citizens of the republic.

When the arguments were concluded the Master reserved his decision, remarking that he would announce the day when his recommendations would be made known. meetings was argued before Master in Chancery

#### Sheriff White Arrested for Contempt.

ISPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
AUSTIN, Tex., Dec. 28.—Justice Stuart issued warrant Thursday for Sheriff White charging him with contempt of court for not obeying the mandate to place Gen. Stanley and his aide in fail. It will be remembered that White was ar jail. It will be remembered that White was ar rested, tried before Stuart and fined \$50, which he refused to pay. He was then remanded to the custody of a constable until he paid his fine. He positively affirms that he will not do so. In the mean time J. M. Snyder holds the Government lot which is at the bottom of the whole affair and now he is peaceably setting out fruit trees thereon, as if he intended to remain in spite of Uncle Sam and his army.

#### Mrs. Church Sues for Divorce.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD, ]
COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 28.—A social sensation was caused here yesterday by the filing of a petition for divorce by the wife of Col. S. H. Church, of this city. Mrs. Church is the Church, of this city. Mrs. Church is the daughter of John Joyce, of Green, Joyce & Co., one of the richest merchants of Columbus. Col. Church married Miss Joyce in November, 1884. He is Superintendent of Transportation of the Panhandle Railway Company. At the time of his marriage, which was the society event of years here, the Company tendered him a special train in which he and his wife made their bridal tour. They have two children, Buth, agod three years, and Samuel H., ir., aged one year. Mrs. Church charges infidelity, crucity and non-support. Col. Church has filed an answer denying all the allegations.

#### Murderer Vasko's Reward.

ISPECIAL TO THE WORLD, I NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Dec. 28.-Gustav Vasko, the Swede who murdered Michael Skoken at Perth Amboy on Nov. 16, was sentenced to ten years' confinement in the State Prison by Judge Cowenhoven, in the Middlesex Criminal Court, at New Brunswick, Wednesday, He had been convicted in the second degree but, having saved the life of Jailer dulies when assaulted by another prisoner on Christmas morning, as detailed yesterday, the Court out off ten years in administering the law. Judge Scudder told Vasko that he might petition the Court of Pardons for his release with some assurance of success.

#### FOUR ARMIES IN THE FIELD.

A LIVELY BATTLE GOING ON IN THE SIXTH

Ex-Senator Grady's Adversarles Are Divided into Three Parts, Which Will Give Him a Fair Show of Election, as lie Has the Tammany Machine Behind Him-Opposition at the Last Moment.

The announcement that silver-tongued Tommy Grady was to have a walk-over at the special election in the Sixth Senatorial Dis-

trict to-day was made two weeks ago. That was the Programme, and the leaders -County Democrats and Republicans-attempted to carry it out, but the electors re-

Grady was an unsavory morsel to many of them and he was not to be thrust down their throats without a vigorous protest on their

part.

Thus it was that The Evening World announcement that the Tammany orator to have a walk-over Was ex. Senator Reilly's seat raised a storm of opposition, and the contest at the polls on the east side to day, instead of being a fame, uninteresting affair, is a lively fight, with four warriors after the scalp-lock of the

Tammany brave.

Candidates sprang up like mushrooms.

Nearly all of them are local nominees, and not the choice of conventions of representatives from the entire district.

Nevertheless they have flooded the district

Nevertheless they have flooded the district with their ballots, many of which are nestling in the boxes to-day.

The opposition to Grady is very strong, but it is morganized and divided. If this were not so there would be, perhaps, more than a possibility of his defeat.

As it is, Grady has the support of the Tammany Hall machine, and strenuous efforts are being made to get out the entire machine vote.

vote.

The wily, long-headed leaders of the Counties, too, are supporting him, but the people who owe nothing to the politicians are walking up to the polls and depositing an anti-Grady ladlot.

The whole difficulty with this ballot is that it may be for Charles I., Halberstadt, the Republican candidate; for John J. Stringer, the nominee of the Young Men's Democratic Club of the Twelfth Assembly District; for Labor representative Samuel Van Steen, or for John Galvin, who wanted the County Democracy nomination, and who is now run-

Democracy nomination, and who is now run-ning as a citizens' candidate.

With the opposition thus divided, and a machine vote behind him, Grady thinks his chances as good as they were under the walk-over programme.

#### A HORSE PARBOILED IN PARK ROW. He Fell Into a Vawning Trench Made b

the New York Steam Company. A great cloud of steam, with two men and a struggling street-car horse in a deep hole. furnished a thrilling scene in Park Row, immediately in front of the Potter Building,

very early this morning. The twelve-inch main of the New York Steam Company runs along Park Row fourteen feet beneath the railroad track. Yesterday a break occurred in the pipe and the steam escaped through the earth and pavement. The Steam Company was notified and two men were sent to repair the main. They dug their way down to the pipe while a man stood at the hole to wain street-

ment. The Steam Company was nottned and two men were sent to repair the main. They dug their way down to the pipe while a man stood at the hole to wain street, ar drivers to unhitch the horses and push the cars over the opening, which was about twelve feet square on the surface.

Travel was greatly delayed, but nothing occurred until after midnight, when William Kelly, driver of a Bleecker street car, attempted to get over the hole without unhitching his horses, reining the animals so as to bring them on the payement alongside the stobring them on the payement alongside the to bring them on the payement alongside the opening. The horse nearest the hole planted his shoe on the rail, slipped and rolled over into the excavation, enveloped in a cloud of

hissing steam.

O'Brien and Mullin were still at work in the hole trying to reach the leak, and they were warned just in the nick of time to escape being crushed to death. The horse, burned by the hot vapor and

entangled in the harness so that it was sus-pended from its mate, kicked and struggled violently. It required twenty minutes of the very hardest of work to extricate the animal. Its bair and skin were burned off, and it pre

sented a shocking sight.

The hole was afterwards covered with long, thick planks, and a man remans there to warn drivers of heavily loaded trucks to turn out and avoid the place.

#### Victor Newcomb's Wealth.

[New York Letter to Lowleville Courier-Journal,]
The other night there sat in one of the most prominent boxes at the Metropolitan Opera-House a pink-cheeked, full-bearded man, with eyeglasses which did not conceal a remarkably shrewd-looking pair of eyes. It was a face as well known in Wall street five years ago as it was in Louisville ten years ago, but scarcely half a dozen persons in the great audience appeared to recognize it. Yet more than once the New York papers have con-tained long accounts of his wealth, his family and his financial ability; and at one family and his financial ability; and at one time it was believed that he was to be the successful rival of Jay Gould. The gentleman with the pink cheeks was Mr. Victor Newcomb. His wife and daughter sat in the box with him. The Newcombs move in the most select New York circles. Ward McAllister included them among his 400. Newcomb is now off Wall street, and there are a dozen stories about his condition when McAllister included them among his 400. Newcomb is now off Wall street, and there are a dozen stories about his condition when he left. He keeps his private affairs as profound a mystery as he did years ago when he was in Louisville, and while some say he lost heavily in his last speculations, and others, maintain that he came out ahead, all agree that he is many times a millionaire. He certainly lives like one. He has a magnificent brown stone palace on Fifth avenue, a beautiful cottage at Newport, and his wife entertains on a princely scale. The approaching marriage of his daughter, Miss Edith, will be one of the social events of the winter. Like most men who come to New York, he has become thoroughly infatuated with the town, and will probably never go back to Kentucky again. Like his

"Woman! be fair, we must adore thee:
Smile, and a world is west before thee!"
But how can a woman smile when she is suffering unteld misery from complaints from which we men are exempt? The answer is easy. Dr. Pirres Favorite Prescription is an infallible remedy in all cases of 'female weakness,' morning sickness, disorders of the stemach, nervous prestration and similar maladies. As a powerful invigorating tonic if imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. As a soothing and strengthening pervine it subdies nervone excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, bysteria, spasms and other distressing nervone symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Sold by druggists unders positive guarantee from the manfacturers to give satisfaction.

2 O'CLOCK.

# MAMIE'S LETTERS.

A Package of Remarkable Epistles Discovered.

She Loved Schoonmaker, and Insists She Wanted to Die.

Mamle Appears to Have Had a Baltimore Lover Also.

A "Terrible Secret ' Which She Will Carry With Her to the Grave-

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] NEWBURG, N. Y., Dec. 28.-The propeller Newburg, of the Bamsdell Transportation line, last night brought to this city quite a no. torious personage, none other than Mamie E. Wood, who has recently figured in the Schoonmaker tragedy in Brooklyn. To make the interest in this woman still greater, is the fact that on her trip up the river to the home of her mother at Balmville, Mamie attempted to take her own life.

Mamie boarded the Newburg at her pier at Franklin street but a few moments before the boat left for this city, and on her up trip took a portion of a powder she had purchased at about 4 P. M. yesterday from a drug store in Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

After swallowing the powder she was taken with spasms, and told Capt. Beattie she was alling, and on the arrival of the Newburg at this city he at once notified the police. Sergt. Engene Moore responded to the summons with Dr. R. V. K. Montfort. The physician found the young woman suffering greatly, and on questioning her learned the true state of affairs.

On her person was found a package containing some of the stuff. Mamie said she obtained the same from the druggist by telling him she wanted something with which to son rats.

poison rats.

After purchasing it the druggist told her it was not poisonous to human beings, but she thought that by taking a large quantity it would end her sorrows, and took of it with middle large transfer.

would end her sorrows, and took of it with suicidal intent.

The powder has not been analyzed, but the plysician is of the opinion that it is simply Fuller's earth. Mamie was removed in a carriage to St. Luke's Hospital and medical treatment given her.

When Sergt. Moore first saw the woman she was reclining in the main cabin on a tête-a-tête. On a stand near by her was a perhease done up in brown wraming tones.

and as he assisted the woman to her feet he picked up the parcel. Later he called her attention to the same, when she replied: "They are only letters. Of no use to any

In reply to a request of the officer to retain possession of them for a time Mamie said there was nothing in them of value to either the police or the public, and she did not want

Finally she placed them in his care, and the Sergeant courteously allowed your correspondent to read them.

The package contained upward of a score of epistles intact, and two letters that were or episties intact, and two letters that were orn in pieces, portions only remaining. One of those had evidently been written as farewell to a Baltimore lover. The other was from a sister to Mamie.

Two were from the Baltimore lover, who is evidently a society man in good standing of the Bon Ami Club, the letters being

written on the Club paper.

In them he vows his fidelity to ber and chides the maiden for her cold and distant manner of writing her epistles. The last one, dated Dec. 20, speaks of a noticed change in her tone in addressing him. That the fellow contemplated matrimony is

rant the reliow contemplated matrimony is evident from the fact that he speaks in one place of her mother, changing it in the next line to read "Our dear mother."

On the blank side of a letter sent by Mrs. F. C. Wood from Newburg to her daughter in Brooklyn, is written in-Mamie's handwriting.

NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN. Saturday, Dec. 15, 1888. My disobedience sunday and Monday. Tuesday, Dec. 18, 1888. Hoolishness. Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1888. H. and M. In a stamped envelope, that had been scaled

and then torn open again after being addressed to Editor of the Brooklyn Wonlo, Brooklyn, was this letter:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 12-27-88.
Sig; The statement in yesterday's (Wolnes-

Brooklyn, was this letter:

Sig: The statement in yesterday's Wednesday's World is hist about half true, Mr. H. F. Shafto's evidence being wholly false, and the folks in the hotel can certainly say the same thing. But why should they? They want to see some excitement.

Ill swear I never spoke to him or he to me, Harry cannot prove it false now, He was much surprised when he opened the door, as he thought it Mr. E. C. Brecklen. He Shafto came up and rapped and called out, "Hey, Harry, want some appletack? and he never spoke to mr. but I did hear Harry say." My wife is sick." Then he came back and said he "was in a pretty fax. as he Shafto invited himself and wife to come and spend the afternoon. So I was simple, ch T Perhaps I was for revealing what I did.

I cam keep a secret, no matter how the law goes against me, You can think as you please about this, but there is a great deal in telling the trath, which you don't I have done. Also another thing: That detective, if he can say anything, let him be honest about it, but he wants to be sure whether my name is Wood or Middleton; also if the chambermaid had kept her ears open she would have heard and tool a different story.

She tells a falschool when she says H. spoke

tou; also if the chambermaid had kept her ears open she would have heard and told a different story.

She tells a falsehood when she says H. spoke of a honse in Broeklyn. That one word not so prove that she didn't know what he said. Had not so many tongues not oratifling most undoubtedly by this time you would have known the exact truth.

But I swear, as Edith and Harry are dead, there is but one left to explain. But believe me, put me to full extent of the law, which I doubt if you can do it. I will hold my counsel from this out, and—as Harry said—carry it to the grave, which I hope and feel is not far away. Now, if The World where to think me insane, or no matter what, it concerns me little. There are too many crazy reporters in this city. The only

one I saw was on Christmas Eve. He acted civil. but the papers show that the others were trying to beat each other. In haste,

MAMIE WOOD. There was also the draft of the letter from

which the above was copied.

Several slips of paper bear the address of 'Mr. Harry D. Schoonmaker, care of Oxley, Giddings & Enos. corner Grand and Walker streets, New York City, N.Y." A note addressed to him, of which she evidently kept a rough corner reads. a rough copy, reads:

a rough copy, reads:

FRIEND HARBY: If possible, bring Nellic up to the house Friday eve, and if going to the armory can either go there or else you bring her. If not here by 8.30 or 9 o'clock will go around to the A. If you are not there I will have to wait a day, then you can bring her the next day; but, if possible, try Friday. Do not forget where you put the I. L. I.

To Mr. Harry Schoonmaker, care Oxley, tliddings & Enos.

The next is a letter from Mamie to "Mrs. James Patterson, 284 Carlton avenue, Brook-lyn, N. Y., or the public at large. In haste:"

lyn, N. Y., or the public at large. In haste:"

BROOKLIN, N. Y., 12 26-1888,

Harrier: You might as well have told the
troubles. You did not send me away. I was
not sick abed, and the detectives may have a
chance to view my body. Then they will know
whether my name is Mamie Wood or Middleton.
This the first time I have heard the name. But
you must expect talk in my case. But I will
hold my own counsel. Please speak the truth.
In haste,

The left letter of interest was the send of the send.

In haste, MAMIE E. WOOD.

The last letter of interest was written by
the girl on Wednesday, Dec. 26, and it is
evident from the tenor of it that she expected
to meet death in some form. It is addressed
"To my mother, E. C. Wood, in case of
accident," and was penned at Brooklyn. The

accident," and was penned at Brooklyn. The following is a copy:

My Dear Mother: No doubt you have read what I need not relate here, but, dear mamma, believe nobody's statement but Miss Louisa Maguire's, No. 14 Third street, Brooklyn, as she knows the truth, so help me God.

Harry said I was innecent, but I was not, or would never have kept the secret I did.

He told me there would be scandal, and now I think he was kind in wanting to shoot me. The first time I went with Harry was on Saturday, Dec. 15, 1888. Mamma, Harry loved me. Whether I loved him or not is plain enough.

I am not crazy, neither was poor Harry. Tonight, one week ago, I laid eyes on him for the last time. I made a promise to him, for you do not know the harm done ms. Still I love him dead as alive. He asked me to share his fate, which I wish had been done to me at the same time as he, and spared his suffering wife.

Manima, I have a secret, but I took my oath to take it to the grave, and I will.

Did you ever hear of Mormons?

Give my regards to Standley. Tell him that he can find a woman that has not seen so much of this wicked world—though only the last week or two. Let the world say what it will I will bear scandal and keep my secret. Tell Will I—to take my advice and not cause a woman to do for him as I am about to do for harry.

What a fool? Yes, I know it. Always speak well of me and kiss all for me. Dear George is brother; keep Prince ithe family dog) for my sake.

May God forgive me if I die, and if I don't I will go later on. Whatever betides bury all you know. I am not a real bad girl. I close with tears of repentance—sorrowful, not sinful. I close with love to you. May God pity my poor, weak soul.

In the package of letters from the mother to Mamie were several references to consulta-tions with physicians respecting a cancer or

toms with physicians respecting a cancer or tumor.

Among other things in the package was a house programme of the "Hoodman Blind," at the Brooklyn Theatre for the week commencing Dec. 24, 1888, showing that the state of affairs had not deterred the girl from visiting places of amusement.

The unfortunate young woman passed a quiet night at the hospital. She had no more convulsions, and the Fuller's earth she took thinking it poison has had no serious effects. She has not been permitted to leave her ward this morning, although she says she feels able to do so.

Mamie claims to have eaten no food for four days, and still asserts a desire to die.

She has not inquired about her mother yet, although The Eveniso World representative expects to bring about a meeting between the two at the hospital at noon to-day. Interest in the case is widespread, and dispatches from all points have been received making inquiries as to her condition.

patches from an points have been received making inquiries as to her condition.

Mamie wears a chatelaine silver watch given her by Schoonmaker on the asbury Park trip, also a heavy ring said to be Mrs. Schoonmaker's wedding ring.

The latter she denies, and adds there is a history about that which will never be known.

#### TO RUN THE GAUNTLET AGAIN.

#### Rejected Republican Club Candidates Come Up Once More To-Night.

Lively times are expected at the Republi an Club this evening when the rejection of the applications for membership of James W. Moses, B. F. Peixotto and Henry C. Perley will be reconsidered.

It will be a special meeting, called for this one purpose, and the solid men and politicians of the cirb will do their best to knock out the dress-coated dudes who were respon-

sible for blackballing the applicants named Sporting Men. Attention! For a fac-simile of Kilrain's acceptance of

#### ultivan's challenge see to-morrow's Evening WORLD.

Steam Heating Casualties in Boston. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, ] Boston, Dec. 28.—The Boston Steam Heating lompany is in hard luck once more. Closely ollowing the fatal manhole explosion yesterda comes the bursting of a radiator supplied by that company in the office of the Austin t. Wellington Coal Company this morning. Frank Ingalls was badly scalded about the face and hands and the furniture in the office badly wrecked.

181. Louis Republic, Washington Letter.1 Congressman Tom Reed, of Maine, is an incommonly smart and quick man at any thing he undertakes, and although it is often said that in order to learn French so that it can be spoken creditably and get the accent an American must spend much time in France, the gentleman referred to above made up his mind less than two years ago that he would master the language. He has done so, and his instructor, who is a native Frenchman, says that Reed is a very fine French scholar. It only goes to show that when a man of fine general ability starts out to accomplish, anything, he succeeds out to accomplish anything he succeeds, no matter how difficult the task, provided he lives long enough. The Maine statesman not only now speaks good French, but he writes it well. Almost any-French, but he writes it well. Almost any-lody can learn to read French after a fash-ion, but few Americans who have never spent some years abroad can talk the language as well as the man from the Pine Tree State. well as the man from the Pine Tree State. Congressman Crain took up Germen about two years ago, and it is said that he not only reads that language very well, but he is talking it quite fuently. He jabbers away with Herr Paul Wolf, the joily Washington correspondent of the New York Staats-Zeihung, whenever he meets him, and can also wrestle with the vernacular when in the company of Congressmen Guenther and Lehlbach. Delegate Mark Smith, of Arizona, can carry on a confab with Delegate Joseph, of New Mexico, in Spanish, but Tim Tarsney has never been in Spanish, but Tim Tarsney has never been able to carry on a conversation in pure Irish with Tim Campbell, of New York.

#### NOT A TRACE OF JEWETT.

PRICE ONE CENT.

BROOKLYN'S EX-POLICE CAPTAIN AGAIN UTTERLY LOST.

Wandered Off and That He Has Met Convivial Friends-Information Refused by His Wife Sergt. Gorman Likely to

Get the Vacant Captaincy. Another day has passed without any news having been received of ex-Capt. Henry L. Jewett, of the Brooklyn police, who mysteriously disappeared from the Ninth Precinct Station-House Monday afternoon.

In police circles the ex-Captain's strange case is almost the only topic of conversation Nearly all the officials have a theory of their own, but they keep it to themselves, as they object to being quoted in connection with the

case. An EVENING WORLD reporter called at Police Headquarters this morning and saw Supt. Campbell. In answer to the reporter's

Supt. Campbell. In answer to the reporter's query as to whether any clue had been obtained by which the missing man could be traced, the Superintendent said:

"I have not heard a word in regard to Capt. Jewett's movements. As far as I have heard he has not been seen since he left the station-house last Monday."

As the reporter was leaving the building he met another member of the force, who, when questioned, said:

met another member of the force, who, when questioned, said:
"I really don't know what to think of the case. Capt. Jewett has disappeared before, but on those occasions he was always more or less under the influence of liquor. This time, as I understand it, he came to the station-house, transacted the regular business, went to head-

transacted the regular business, went to head-quarters and got the money and then re-turned, paid the men off, and then after writing his resignation, skipped out and has not been seen or heard of since.

'Before he disappeared he was seen by scores of people, and if he had acted queer, even in the slightest way, his actions would have been commented upon.

'My idea is that he has become insane, and while in this condition has wandered away.

and while in this condition has wandered away.

"Of course, after he has got away from his friends he may have begun to drink. I have no fear that he won't return, and expect to hear any minute that he has shown up."

Another police officer said: "The Captain is of a jovial nature and a first-class man, and I am inclined to think he has got in with some friends and gone off for a few days. He'll come back all right."

The reporter then went to the Jewett resi-

The reporter then went to the Jewett residence. It is on Waverly avenue, near Greene. Greene.

The same vicious-looking white dog sat on the front stoop, but The EVENING WORLD young man has encountered greater dangers than a growling dog, so he boldly climbed

the stairs.
In answer to his summons Mrs. Jewett came to the door. She has a pleasant face, but looked much worried. As the writer was about to speak she said:
"Reporter?"
"Yes: I wish"—
"Get out of my house. I've got nothing to say."

say."

'Has Capt. Jewett returned?"

'I won't say anything," she replied, as she slammed the door. lammed the door.

The reporter next visited the Gates avenue solice station, but nothing had been heard.

police station, but nothing had been heard up there.

Capt. Jewett is about forty-five years old, six feet tall and stands straight. He has fair hair and mustache tinged with gray. He is said to have been one of the easiest and best men to work under that are to be found in the Brooklyn Police Department. For this reason his loss is regretted all the more. It is thought that Sergt. Henry F. Gorman will be promoted to fill the vacant Captaincy. At the last examination, both he and Sergt. Driscoll stood with a credit of 79. Neither are veterans, and the choice will probably be between the two.

### A Rattle-Box for the President.

GLENS FALLS, Dec. 28.—One of the mail couches which left Glens Falls on Christmas Day carried a small package addressed to President Cleveland. It contained a wooden rattlebox executed with a jack-knife by Francis Robinson, of Horicon, an eccentric old man who pounds the big bass drum in Post Hastings pounds the oil case drain in Poss natural Drum Corps. With the rattle-box went a note giving the causes which the donor thought led to Mr. Cleveland's defeat and asking him for \$5. Mr. Robinson says he worked with Mr. Cleveland along the Eric Canal in 1854 and '55 and sent him the rattle-box for old friendship's sake, thinking the President might some day find it a convenient article to have in the house.

#### Prompt Denial of a Haytian Yara.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The report printed in a New York newspaper that the Government would demand an indemnity of \$2,500,000 from Hayti for the seizure of the American vessel Haytian Republic is emphatically denied at the State and Navy Departments.

Telegraph Ticks.

SENECA, Kan., Dec. 28. John T. Yates, ex-Justice of the Peace, perished in the snowstorm Christmas night on his way home in a buggy. Boston, Mass., Dec. 28.—In addition to the man sequests Fr. Oliver Ditson also left \$25,000 as and for the relief of poor and needy musicians.

HAVAYA, Dec. 28.—The Casbarien papers state that several New York merchants trading with that porthage offered to contribute to the erection of a lighthouse at French Rey.

FITTSBURG, Dec. 28.—At a meeting of coke operators held yesterday to consider the advisability of advancing the price of coke 25 cents per ton on Jan. 1. no agreement was reached.

GRAND FORMS. Dak. Dec. 28.—Early vasterday vancing the price of coke 25 cents per ton on san: In o agreement was reached.

Grand Forks, Dak., Dec. 28.—Early yesterday the town of Auburn, north of this city, was almost wiped out by fire, nearly the entire business portion of the place being destroyed. The loss is not known.

BISMARCE, Dak., Dec. 28.—The examination of sames Curran, charsed with smusgling optims from Canada into the United States, has been closed and Curran held. He acknowledges having shipped 5.000 pounds of optim to Denver.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 28.—Mrs. Church, wife of Col. S. H. Church, Superintendent of Transportation of the Pan Handle Hailroad, has filed a petition for divorce, alleging crueity, failure to provide and unclatifications. An answer has been filed denying all charges.

charges.

Minipilis, Dec. 28.—Kate Castleton and her of party yesterday gave a charity matinee to a poor children of Memphis. About twelve hunds were present. The children had previously be served with a free dinner by the Ladies' Charity Children.

of this city. of this city.

DATION. O., Dec. 28.—Geo. W. Pearson, aged seventy-two, a well known professor of music of this city, resterday muse a leap to death from the Fitth street river bridge, a distance of fitty feet. His body was soon recovered. No cause can be assigned for the rash act.

Fair and Colder Weather.



-Weather indications

For Eastern New York

Old-Fushioned Remedies the Best